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# THE THREE
# BIRTH-DAYS;
## OR A
# CURE FOR ILL-TEMPER.

By the Author of BABY TALES.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

## *The Little Shepherd Boy,*

A POEM.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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SNOW-HILL.

# THE
# THREE BIRTH-DAYS.

## CHAP. I.

### THE INVITATION CARDS.

"HENRIETTA and Cecilia," said little Davers, running up to the table where his sisters were writing, "I wish you had finished those letters, for I want you to tell me all about next Tuesday."

"There now, you tiresome child," said Cecilia, "you have

made me blot this card, and I must write it again."

"Do not be angry with him, Cecilia," said Henrietta, who was the eldest, and very good tempered, "he has been quiet a long time. Davers, love, go into the garden, and when we have finished, we will go to you."

"Sister, will you ask some little boys to come, that they may play with me?"

"You know mamma forbade you to interrupt us, so I must not answer your questions now."

"I declare I cannot write

while you talk so," said Cecilia: "I think, Davers, you have already given me sufficient trouble. Go away, naughty boy."

"I am going," said he: and as he ran away, he said: Cecilia is so cross, that I do not like her at all; but he soon recollected that he ought not to have jogged the table, and that Cecilia might well be vexed at having her card to write again.—"Because," said he, "I know she wants to weed her garden this morning." So, as he was a very good little boy, and always wished to please his sis-

ters, he ran to Cecilia's garden, and began to pull up all the weeds which were not too strong for his little hand.

Before the two girls had quite finished writing, their mamma came into the room, and was sorry to see Cecilia look sulky, for she had heard her brother call her cross, and had not yet recovered her temper. "Cecilia," said she, "you look as if you were tired of what you are about; but if you are thinking of your garden, you need no longer be uneasy at the time you have lost from weeding it,

for little Davers is working as hard as possible at it."

"I was not thinking of that, and I wish Davers would let my garden alone," said Cecilia, "I am sure I do not want his assistance."

"Cecilia, I am quite surprised at the manner in which you speak, and at your receiving with so ill a grace what your brother means so kindly. Besides, I recollect that, but a few days since, I heard you finding fault with him, when he had been weeding Henrietta's gar-

den, because he had not also assisted you in yours. What can have put you so sadly out of temper with him?"

"He spoiled my writing, and then called me cross, mamma, only because I begged him to go away."

"If the case be as you represent it, he must certainly have been to blame, and I shall reprove him. Call him, Henrietta."

"No, dear mamma," said Cecilia, "do not be angry with him, I was most to blame; but

he should have amused himself in another part of the room, as you bade him."

"I am glad you recollect yourself, and shall say nothing more upon the subject; only, as you have shewn much ill temper and injustice towards your little brother, you must not go to your garden to-day. Finish your cards, and then bring them to me in my dressing-room; I wish to send one of the men round with them before dinner."

## CHAP. II.

### NECESSARY INFORMATION.

Now, I dare say, my little readers have twenty questions to ask me, before I go on with my story; as for instance: What were the cards for which Henrietta and Cecilia were writing? Why is this story called the Three Birth-Days? How old were the three children we have been reading about?

You shall know all these things in time, my little friends; but first let me tell you that the reason I began with a conver-

sation between the children of whom I am going to write, was, that you might the sooner become acquainted with their dispositions: I know little boys and girls always like to be informed whether they are going to read of good or naughty children.

This story is the history of a Birth-day of each of these three children; I mean an account how it was *kept*. Some people think it silly to keep birth-days; perhaps because they never heard of their being kept as this family kept them: I will tell you how it was.

Their mamma took care of all their work, drawings, and copy-books; and on the morning of their birth-days, she brought them out, shewed them how much they had improved in the twelvemonth; and if their progress equalled her expectations, she presented them with a dozen new books for the studies of the ensuing year. She also read them memorandums of their general conduct; and if there were no very great faults in her book, their papa presented them with some valuable present.—Once he gave Henrietta a pair of globes, and her mamma soon

after began to teach her the use of them: on one of Cecilia's birth-days she was presented by him with a piano-forte; and he once gave Davers a set of Wallis's Dissected Maps, from which he learned a great deal of geography.

As much time was taken up in this examination of their studies and conduct, no other business was done on that day; but the children were allowed to amuse themselves as they thought proper, and in general had a party of their little friends to dine with them.

Henrietta's Birth-day was now approaching; she had almost completed her twelfth year, and very few young ladies of that age are more forward in their studies, or more amiable in disposition than was Henrietta. She had always lived with her papa and mamma, who had taken great pains to correct her little faults, and had succeeded so well, that she was considered a pattern for all the young people in the neighbourhood.

Cecilia, on the contrary, had lived several years with an aunt, who thought the best way to prove her own affection, and to

make the child happy, was to let her have her own way in every thing; the consequence was, that when Cecilia returned home to her parents, they found her passionate, obstinate, and disrespectful, whenever contradicted, and put out of temper at the least thing which happened not to accord with her whims.

Two years had not been sufficient to correct these sad habits, yet in some degree she was mended; and she was not altogether unamiable, for she soon became sensible of her errors, and was willing to own and endeavoured to correct them.

She was now nine years old, and the amiable little Davers five.

As Henrietta and Cecilia were now great girls, their mamma had given them permission to regulate, themselves, all the arrangements for the Birth-day party; they were to form and write the invitation cards, to decorate with flowers a summer-house which had been fitted up as a play-room for them, and to give the housekeeper a list of the refreshments they thought would be most welcome to their young visitors.

## CHAP. III.

### THE GOLD WATCH.

The happy day arrived, and the three children rose early, in high spirits and good humour. The examination, after breakfast, of Henrietta's studies and conduct, ended entirely to the satisfaction of her mamma, who said to her:

"You will find, my love, in my dressing-room, a dozen books, which I hope you will not like the less for being of a more serious tendency than those I have

hitherto given you. You are now a great girl, and I think will find more solid amusement from history, than from books of tales, written merely for the entertainment of children. I doubt not that you will be delighted with the histories of Greece, Rome, and England; and I think you will relish some of the beauties of Thomson's Seasons, which you will find among them. As soon as you have removed your books into your own room, go to your papa in his library."

Henrietta kissed and thanked

her mamma, and as soon as she had put away her books, ran to her papa, who expressed his satisfaction at the account he had received of her from her mamma, and continued in these words:

"I think, my dear child, you enter your *teens* to-day: you ought now to begin to know all the value of time; and indeed your diligence and attention to what is taught you, show that you are not insensible of it; but perhaps something which will continually remind you how swiftly it flies, may yet be useful to you."

With these words he presented to his delighted daughter a small gold watch and chain.

"Oh, papa, my dear papa," said she, "you could not have given me a more valuable or useful present. Let me kiss you again. Oh! there is nothing I have so much wished for as a watch."

"I am rejoiced then, my dear girl, that I thought of it for you. But I will not detain you: go and examine it at your ease."

"Cecilia! Davers!" cried Henrietta, as soon as she heard their voices, "come and see my present."

"A watch, Henrietta," cried Cecilia.

"A watch," said Davers; "but will it go? does it tick?"

"O yes, listen," said Henrietta.

"And can you wind it up? What is it o'clock by it now? Oh, but sister, let me look at the inside."

"O yes," said Cecilia, "let us look if the inside is the same as other watches. How good of papa to give it you! Now, Henrietta, we shall know when we have had our hour's practice, or drawing, or work, without run-

ning down stairs so often to look at the clock, or teazing mamma when she is busy."

"But come," said Davers, "here, Henrietta, I have set a chair for you; and one for you, Cecilia: now open the watch."

"You shall look at it for a moment," returned Henrietta; "but you know papa and mamma never suffer us to open theirs. They say the dust gets in, and that our breath hurts them."

Davers did not seem to think either of these a sufficient reason for not seeing all the beau-

ties of his sister's watch, and when she opened it, both he and Cecilia were of opinion, that though the insides of all watches are pretty, that of Henrietta's was certainly the brightest and most beautiful that ever was seen.

## CHAP. IV.

### THE MISFORTUNE.

"Now," said Henrietta, closing the watch, "I must go. I have hardly looked into my books yet, you know."

"But I have not half examined the chain," said Davers; "pray leave it with me; I will take great care of it."

"Oh, no, indeed I cannot," answered Henrietta: "suppose you should break it. No, I will shew you the chain some other time."

"Dear sister," returned the little boy, "only put it on the table then, and I will not take it off."

"Well, if you will both promise that, I will leave it," and laying it on the table, she left the room.

Davers was attentively examining the watch-chain, when Cecilia cried on a sudden: "Oh, is there a seal? I never saw the seal. Let me see what is engraved on it."

"In a minute, Cecilia, only let me finish counting the little rings in the chain."

"How silly!" said Cecilia,

who could never bear to wait an instant, when she had taken any thing into her head. "Let me see it directly," continued she, "I am sure you have had it long enough. Henrietta left it for both of us."

"Wait a moment, I have just done," said he. But Cecilia would not wait; she pulled the watch-chain out of his hand, —pulled it with such violence, that the watch struck against a chair which stood by, and broke not only the glass, but the enamel, or white substance on which the figures are marked.

*"Oh Sister; Oh Davers;" said she, and the tears stood in her eyes.*

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The children continued looking in silence at the broken watch, till their sister returned, which she soon did, fearing some misfortune might happen to it.

"My watch; my birth-day present! Oh, sister; oh, Davers!" said she—and the tears stood in her eyes.

"Well, I could not help it; it was not my fault," said Cecilia: "Davers kept it so long, and would not even let me look at the seal for a moment, which I had never seen."

"Dear sister," said Davers, crying, "I am so very sorry;

but it was not quite my fault; Cecilia snatched it away, indeed. What will you do? Cannot it be mended?"

"I do not know," replied Henrietta; "but let us take it to mamma; she is our best friend whatever misfortune happens to us."

Their mother was truly concerned for the accident. "You were all to blame," said she, "though your punishment, Henrietta, is much greater than you deserve: but you should not by any means have left so valuable a trinket in the way of so

young a child as your brother. Cecilia too, from her violence of temper, is as little to be trusted as he. You, Davers, when you saw your sister impatient, should at once have given up to her. As for you, Cecilia, I hope you are sensible that your fault is by far the greatest of the three. That sad temper of yours has caused all this mischief."

"I am sure," said Cecilia, "I should never have been in a passion if Davers had not done all he could to provoke me. It is very unjust, that I am to be most blamed for every thing."

"Unjust, Cecilia! who are you calling unjust? Go into your own room, and recollect yourself, before you speak to me again: I should grieve to be obliged to punish you on your sister's Birth-day."

# CHAP. V.

## THE

## CONSEQUENCE OF ILL-TEMPER.

"I SHALL not go and recollect myself, as mamma calls it," muttered Cecilia as she walked slowly towards their school-room; "I am not in a passion; and it is very hard that when mamma says we are all in fault, I only am to be punished."

As she entered the school-room, her brother ran up to her. "Oh, Cecilia," said he, "will you, if you please, give me, from

the top shelf in the closet there, the box where I keep my money."

"O yes," replied Cecilia, "and if any accident happens, it will be all laid upon me. No, sir, you may get it yourself."

"But it is too high for me. Oh, I know," continued he, "what I will do;" and he ran and fetched the music-stool, which he put into the closet and stood upon it.

"I want that stool; I am going to practise," said Cecilia, "a chair will do as well for you."

"I shall be done soon," said

# THE CONSEQUENCE OF ILL-TEMPER.

*Without considering the danger of what she did, she took away the stool from under her brother.*

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Davers, "and a chair is not high enough. No more is this stool," continued he, "I cannot reach it now; I must stand upon the first shelf. I want to get out my new half-crown, to help to pay for mending Henrietta's watch."

"I will not wait any longer," cried Cecilia; and without considering the danger of what she did, she took away the stool from under her brother.

Davers soon got what he wanted, and thinking the stool was still there, he put down his foot, and instantly fell to the ground.

The cry he uttered in falling brought every one who was within hearing into the room; for as he was not one of those children who scream and cry upon every trifling accident, they were sure he was really hurt. His mamma was foremost, and taking him up in her arms, she soon perceived what was the matter—the unfortunate child had fallen with his leg under him, and had broken it in two places.

Mrs. Stapleton immediately dispatched two servants in search of a surgeon, and carrying the suffering child into his own

room, she laid him as gently as possible upon his bed.

Henrietta followed her mamma up stairs: "Dear mamma," she whispered, "you look very pale and frightened, do let me stay with Davers while you go and take something."

"You shall, my love," answered her mother, "for I fear I shall scarcely be able, unless I recover myself a little, to remain in the room while the surgeon is attending him. Heaven give my dear boy strength to bear the pain he must undergo!"

Poor Davers was in too much

pain to be entertained by any thing Henrietta could do or say to amuse him; but in a short time their mother returned, accompanied by the surgeon, whom one of the servants had met.

"Now, my dear Henrietta, go down stairs," said her mamma; "go and endeavour to comfort your sister, who is quite inconsolable; she has just told me how this sad accident happened. Severely indeed is she punished for giving way to her impatient temper."

Henrietta left the room, and going into her own, she knelt

down, and prayed to God to comfort her mamma, to forgive her sister, and to support her brother, and bless the exertions of the surgeon for his recovery.

Then she went to Cecilia, who was weeping bitterly, and it was a long time before she could at all succeed in her endeavours to comfort her; for Cecilia loved her brother, and would now most willingly, had it been possible, have undergone all the pain instead of him.

When Henrietta found her sister somewhat more calm, she

left her, recollecting that the expected party must be put off, and that her mamma was in too anxious a state of mind to attend to it. Henrietta, therefore, wrote notes to the parents of her expected little friends, informing them that her brother had met with an accident, which must prevent her mamma's receiving the young people as appointed. These notes she immediately sent round to the different houses; and her mamma, when informed of it, fully approved of what she had done.

# CHAP. VI.

## THE SICK ROOM.

THE patience with which the little boy bore his pain and confinement, contributed very much to his recovery. His sisters were never happy but when in his room, and they contrived a thousand amusements to make the time appear less tedious to him. They read to him all the books their library contained, which were not above his comprehension; played with

him at their tetotum games, and chatted to him upon all the news which they heard from their little acquaintance. Cecilia seemed entirely to have lost her ill-temper, and even if Davers was now and then a little peevish and impatient, she bore it with as much good humour as Henrietta, reflecting that she was the cause of all he suffered.

The two girls would very willingly have passed their whole time in their brother's chamber, but this their mamma would by no means allow. "If this mis-

fortune," said she, " were to make you entirely neglect your studies, it would be doubly severe upon you all; you would lose what you have been perhaps a twelve-month learning. No; you must continue your studies as usual, only I will allow you to leave the school-room an hour earlier than you have been accustomed; and you may, besides, devote to your brother as much of your play-time as you please."

Henrietta obeyed without a murmur, but Cecilia thought her mamma very unkind to the sick

child, and though she knew nothing ever made her mamma give up her own opinion to the solicitations of her children, she was continually endeavouring to obtain more than the permitted hour from her studies. Very often she was on the point of yielding to her temper, and telling her mamma she was cruel to refuse the little boy any alleviation which could be afforded in his sufferings; but she conquered herself at once, when she recollected that it was owing to her temper that he wanted these alleviations at all.

In the course of a few weeks

Davers was allowed to leave his room, and great indeed was the joy of the whole family the first time it was permitted him to walk in the garden. His first walk was to his own little bit of ground, which he expected to see overgrown with weeds. How surprised and pleased he was to find it in perfect order, and even more flourishing than he had left it!

"Ah, sisters," said he, "you have done this, I know. I do not think I shall ever forget all the kind things you have done for me since I have been ill."

His sisters kissed him, and told him they were quite rewarded for their pains in seeing him recovered and happy. "And," continued Henrietta, "I can tell you something else that will please you. This is July, and next Thursday——"

"Oh, I know, I know," said Davers, clapping his hands, "next Thursday is my BIRTH-DAY!"

"Yes," said Henrietta, "and mamma says Cecil and I are to choose six and you nine young friends, to spend the day with us."

"Then take your pencil, Henrietta, and set down their names as I tell them you. I shall be so glad to see my play-fellows again. Mamma said she would take me to call on them, but I had rather have them all here together."

The invitations were sent, and the day arrived.

"I hope," said Cecilia, on the day before, "nothing will happen to spoil *your* Birth-day, Davers, as I spoiled Henrietta's."

"Oh, do not think of that any more," said the good-tempered child; "I wish you would never

think of it, Cecilia, for it makes you look so grave."

"I will not look grave to-morrow," replied his sister, "I mean to be so good and so happy. What fine play we shall have in the hay-field! only take care you do not run too much, Davers, for you are not strong yet."

# CHAP. VII.

## THE SECOND BIRTH-DAY.

"COME, sister," said Cecilia, "leave off practising, and let us go and dress."

"Dress, Cecilia!" replied Henrietta, "it is but one o'clock!"

"Well, I am sure it is quite time. I dare say they will soon come."

"Oh, no," said Henrietta, "we do not dine till four; they will hardly be here before three."

"Oh, I dare say they will; at

any rate I shall dress; so do you choose to come, Henrietta?"

"Mamma does not like us to dress so long before dinner, when any company is coming, you know. I had rather not go yet, Cecilia."

"Well then, I shall ask Rachel to dress me," said Cecilia, leaving the room and running into her own, where she hastily put on her frock.

"Rachel, come and dress me," cried Cecilia to the servant, who was just going down stairs.

"It is too early yet, miss, I think."

"You think! and what business have you to think?" said Cecilia, angry at again receiving the same answer; "I beg you will come directly and tie my frock."

"But your mamma has ordered me to help the cook, miss, and she is waiting for me."

"Who cares for the cook? I suppose she had better wait than I?"

The servant had not time to reply, for Mrs. Stapleton called Cecilia into her chamber, and shut the door.

"How often, my dear, must

I repeat to you, that you are not to converse or dispute with the servants? Besides, as I heard Rachel say, it is much too early for you to dress yet."

"It cannot make any difference to any body," said Cecilia, "whether I dress now or not. Rachel is an impertinent creature."

"I will not allow you to speak in that manner of any one in my presence, Cecilia."

"No, because you always take every one's part against me."

"Cecilia, Cecilia, you know not what you are saying. Do

not oblige me to disgrace you to-day. Take off your frock, fold it up, and go and employ yourself for a couple of hours with your books or work."

"See if I dress to-day then," said Cecilia, tearing off her frock and throwing it upon the ground.

"Take up your frock, and go into your room for the remainder of this day," said Mrs. Stapleton calmly.

Cecilia obeyed, and flung herself into her room, banging the door with violence after her.

Henrietta and her brother were full of affliction when they

heard of their sister's disgrace. They entreated their mamma with tears to remit her punishment on such a day of rejoicing as this; but all they could obtain was permission for Henrietta to go and endeavour to convince her of her fault, and persuade her to acknowledge it to her mamma; in which case Mrs. Stapleton would forgive her.

Henrietta accordingly went to her, but found her obstinately determined not to make the slightest acknowledgment of her error, and was at length obliged to leave her to suffer as she deserved.

# CHAP. VIII.

## THE PUNISHMENT.

CECILIA continued sitting sullenly by the side of her bed, till she heard the merry voices of her young friends upon the lawn. It was a favourable day for their amusements; cloudy, and not very hot: so that Henrietta had proposed their spending the time till dinner in the garden.

Cecilia's window looked upon the lawn, and she could easily hear all that was said.

"What shall we play at?" said one.

" But where is Cecilia?" said another.

" Oh, yes, where is your sister?" asked a third.

" She is up stairs—you will not see her to-day," replied Henrietta sorrowfully.

The young people guessed, by her manner, what was the cause of Cecilia's absence, they therefore forebore to pain Henrietta by asking any further questions; and indeed their eagerness to begin their games soon made them forget that one of their companions was missing.

" Let us play at hoop in the orchard," cried Emma.

"Or," said Louisa, "shall we go into the hay-field?"

"Oh," cried the children altogether, "is the grass down?" and away they ran towards the meadow.

Cecilia went to the window. She saw the joyous party enter the meadow; she beheld them run after each other with the hay, and as soon as one chanced to fall, cover her over with it, till she at length rose, threw the hay off her, and soon assisted herself in doing the same to some other as unlucky as she had been.

Their loud cries of merriment and triumph reached the ears of Cecilia. Cecilia loved play as well as any of the party:— "And why am I not among them:" said she to herself. She sat down and hid her face in her hands.

Cecilia, whenever she would allow herself to reflect, soon became sensible of her errors. Her conscience now told her she had fully merited all she suffered; it reproached her with her insolence and ingratitude to the best of mothers; she felt how wrong she had been, and longed

to make all the reparation in her power. She listened anxiously, in the hope that Henrietta would visit her, who was always her mediator with her mamma: but no Henrietta came; for when Mrs. Stapleton found that she continued, even after Henrietta's visit, in the same obstinate temper, she forbade her to go again into Cecilia's chamber; and Cecilia saw no one for the remainder of the day, but the servant who brought her her meals.

At night her mamma entered her room, accepted her repent-

ance for the past, received from her many promises of amendment, and forgave her, expressing a hope, that this would be the last time she should be obliged to expose her to so public a disgrace.

# CHAP. IX.

## A CONVERSATION.

"I WISH," said Cecilia to Henrietta, one day, when they were sitting at work together; "I wish, Henrietta, my BIRTH-DAY did not happen in winter. How shall we amuse our friends on Monday week?"

"Oh," replied Henrietta, "I do not think we shall be at a loss for amusement. There are Forfeits, Blind-man's-buff, My Lady's toilet, you know, and twenty other games for a winter's evening."

"Oh, true," said Cecilia, "I never thought of any thing but the pleasure of running about the garden and hay-field. Well, I only hope I shall give mamma no cause of displeasure on my BIRTH-DAY; but I mistrust my naughty temper more on that day than on any other, having passed two such miserable ones this year."

"I do not think you have much cause to fear, my dear Cecilia," said her sister; "you are very seldom in disgrace now."

"No," said little Davers: running to kiss Cecilia, "that she is

not. I heard mamma say the other day to papa, that she was quite an altered girl, and that she thought she would make an amiable woman after all."

"I hope I shall," replied Cecilia, "but it is a sad thing to be spoiled in one's childhood; and yet my aunt meant it all in kindness: and I remember, when first I came home, I thought mamma did not love me at all."

"It is quite true, though," said Henrietta, "as we are often told, that our friends give us the greatest proof of their affection when they punish us for our faults."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of their mother. "I came, my dear Cecilia," said she, "to tell you that I have received answers from almost all your young friends, who will be happy to accept your invitation. Let me tell you, too, how pleased I am with your list of the young people you wished to invite. I perceive that the names of several rude ill-bred girls, whom I have always disliked, are omitted this year."

"Yes, mamma," replied Cecilia, "I do not know how it is,

but I feel myself quite altered. I now prefer the company of Henrietta, and girls like her, to that of those you speak of."

"You are indeed a reformed child, my dear Cecilia, and I do not doubt will pass your Birth-day, and every other day, much more happily than you have been accustomed. You have taken great pains to get the better of your temper, and now begin to enjoy the fruits of your pains."

# CHAP. X.

## THE THIRD BIRTH-DAY.

THE reformed and happy Cecilia met her young friends with a smiling countenance. They crowded round the fire, for it was the depth of winter, and amused themselves till dinner with cheerful conversation; but it was not till after tea that they became quite sociable, and entered fully into their amusements.

Mrs. Stapleton contrived every thing to make them as comfortable as possible, and as she knew

young people do not like to be restrained in their play by the presence of old ones, and also that those who are nearly of an age like best to be together, she said to them; "Now, my young friends, I have ordered a good fire in the school-room, and another in the nursery, thinking you would like best to be quite to yourselves; so, Henrietta and Cecilia, do you take your companions into the school, and my sister will accompany Davers and his little play-fellows into the nursery. You cannot be too merry to please me."

This arrangement pleased all parties: the little ones crowded round Miss Mansfield, Mrs. Stapleton's sister, who was a very amiable young woman, and so fond of children, that she spent great part of her time with her nieces and little nephew. She led them into the nursery, and soon set them to a game of blind-man's-buff, and, when they were tired of that, to forfeits.

"Make a half-circle round the fire," said she, "and each of you must repeat what I say, or forfeit, if you make a mistake."

The children were soon settled

in their places, and Miss Mansfield repeated the following line, which was said correctly by each in his turn:

"William the Norman this land did subdue."

When this had gone round Miss Mansfield went on:

"William the Norman this land did subdue,
"And Rufus his son had faults not a few."

No mistake was made either in this or the following round, which ran thus:

"William the Norman this land did subdue,
"And Rufus his son had faults not a few.
"Henry the First, Beauclerc was surnamed;"

But in the fourth round poor Davers made a sad blunder; it was

" William the Norman this land did subdue,
" And Rufus his son had faults not a few.
" Henry the First, Beauclerc was surnamed,
" And Stephen unjustly the kingdom obtain'd."

Davers said " the kingdom *gain'd*," which made a syllable less in the line than is necessary for the measure.

" Oh, there," cried Walter, clapping his hands, " Davers must forfeit."

The children laughed, and so did Davers: " Oh, so I must," said he; " let me see, I must give the silver pencil-case which Henrietta gave me."

When order was restored, Miss Mansfield went on; but

# FORFEITS.

*"Oh there," cried Walter, clapping his hands, Davers must forfeit."*

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now there was so much to remember, that many mistakes were made, and they almost all forfeited two or three times. At length Miss Mansfield reminded them that it was growing late, and advised them to cry their forfeits.

Perhaps my young readers will like to leave this little party to their forfeits, and see how Henrietta and Cecilia are amusing their friends. But first, I think they will be pleased to peruse a little piece of poetry which Davers repeated in order to regain his pencil-case.

## THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S PETITION.*

Although I'm a beggar so poor,
I hope that you'll hear my petition;
Contribute to add to my store,
Nor frown on my humble condition.

Whatever you think of your worth,
Whatever your pride may suggest;
We are all but *beggars* from birth,
Though some are perhaps better drest.

The infant, with pitiful tears,
*Entreats* its mamma for the breast;
It sucks away all little cares,
Then sinks on her bosom to rest.

---

* This little piece was not written by the authoress of the tale; nor does she know to whom to ascribe it, as she never saw it in print, but learned it verbally, when a child, from her governess.

As soon as he's able to mutter,
His wants with his stature increase;
He *begs* hard for bread and for butter,
And till he is full there's no peace.

In our youth we are *begging* for toys,
In our manhood we're craving for wealth!
To obtain it we barter all joys,
And at last go *a-begging* for health.

Then since we're all *beggars* alike,
As by reason is well understood,
The bargain immediately strike,
And let us all *beg* to be *good*.

## *The Little Shepherd Boy.*

1.

Once more I quit my wint'ry bow'r,
And hasten pleas'd away;
While sweet content crowns every hour,
And brightens all the day.

As soon as he's able to mutter,
His wants with his stature increase;
He *begs* hard for bread and for butter,
And till he is full there's no peace.

In our youth we are *begging* for toys,
In our manhood we're craving for wealth!
To obtain it we barter all joys,
And at last go *a-begging* for health.

Then since we're all *beggars* alike,
As by reason is well understood,
The bargain immediately strike,
And let us all *beg* to be *good*.

# CHAP. XI.

## THE SURPRISE.

THE party in the school-room had been as merry, though perhaps not quite so noisy, as that in the nursery. To "My Lady's Toilet" had succeeded "London Bridge is broken down;" to that "Magic Music;" and to that a dumb concert. A few, indeed, of the young ladies had preferred looking over some large portfolios of engravings from Homer and Shakspeare, belonging to Mr. Stapleton; and two or three

amused themselves for above an hour in examining insects, &c. through Henrietta's microscope. All were grieved when they heard the clock strike ten.

"We are to be sent for at ten," said they sorrowfully. "What a happy evening we have passed! and how amiable Cecilia is grown," whispered Emma to Louisa; "she used to spoil all our play, but to-night she has not done a single ill-tempered thing."

"Hush!" cried Matilda, "listen! the little ones are getting ready to go home."

In fact the nursery-door was left open, and they could hear the words, "Is our carriage come? Where is my coat? That is my hat," &c, The school-room party expected their summons, and in the course of ten minutes a servant entered to beg they would go into the drawing-room.

Guess, my little readers, their surprise on entering it.

The carpet was taken up, the furniture all removed, and nothing remained in the room but several chandeliers lighted up, a few forms covered with green baize, and at one corner two vio-

lins and a harp. Mrs. Stapleton appeared:

"My dear little friends," said she, "you have just been celebrating Cecilia's Birth-Day; you are now to celebrate the reformation of her temper, which perhaps you have already observed; if not, let me assure you she is no longer the passionate, ill-tempered girl you once knew her. She has taken so much pains to reform herself, that it is but right I should take some pains to reward her for it; and I thought nothing would give her more pleasure than a little dance

while all her friends were with her. The little ones, who could not sit up very late, are gone home; but your friends are all informed of my intention; and will not send for *you* till one o'clock. It is now but ten, so you have three hours before you: go and make the best use of them you can. The musicians, I see, have already begun to tune their instruments."

The young people thanked Mrs. Stapleton many times for her goodness, and thoroughly enjoyed their dance. Cecilia too was in high spirits, and felt that

her happiness was not half so much owing to the pleasure of a dance, as to the consciousness of having deserved her own and her mamma's approbation.

# *The Little Shepherd Boy.*

1.

ONCE more I quit my wint'ry bow'r,
And hasten pleas'd away;
While sweet content crowns every hour,
And brightens all the day.

2.

Onward I trip with cheerful speed,
To yonder smiling plain;
And whistling with my tuneful reed,
I call my fleecy train.

3.

My little dog, how willing he
Runs all the country o'er,
Performs his duty faithfully,
And then trots on before.

4.

Soon as the cheering sun is up,
The tuneful lark begins;
Well pleas'd to hear, I gladly stop
To listen while he sings.

5.

All nature's works, with one accord,
Some grateful tribute pay;
And fain would I adore THE LORD,
And louder sing than they.

6.

Oft am I fill'd with peace and joy,
How good the Lord's to me!
O! do then bless a shepherd boy,
Who wants to sing of Thee.

7.

Where'er I turn my raptur'd eyes,
How charming is the scene!
Mountains aspiring to the skies,
And vallies cloth'd in green.

8.

Thou feedest all my numerous flock,
Extend thy care to me;
They drink the cooling water brook,
But give *me* drink from THEE!

9.

Each morn I call them out to feed,
Beside the sparkling rills;
But feed *my soul* with food indeed!
From the eternal hills.

10.

Oft as oppress'd with sleep I lie,
With pining hunger bold,
A prowling enemy comes by,
And robs my little fold.

11.

But thou, Great Shepherd, canst not sleep,
Nor drowsy be like me;
So that no foe can steal a sheep
Eternally from Thee.

12.

Then let my humble voice resound,
To Thee my strains belong;
So shall the vallies catch the sound,
And echo back the song.

13.

And oft as this is my employ,
Jesus shall be my theme;
He died to save a Shepherd Boy,
And I will sing of Him.

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